Slept So Long

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by BlueSolarFlares

Summary

Hannibal is living in a world where every one of his wants have come true. He has Will, he has his love, and he is privileged enough to be able to witness his darkness. He has everything he could ever want, and he's happy. He thinks Will is too, until Will gives him a reason to think otherwise. He won't be left behind, he won't be forgotten about, and he'll do everything in his power to make Will happy, or he'll die trying.

or

Hannibal Lecter has insecurities.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will Graham is one of the most beautifully dark creatures Hannibal Lecter has ever laid his eyes on. He doesn't know if it has to do with the first meeting, and the sting to his ego when Will said he wasn't interesting, he doesn't know if it's the deadly game they played when Will was trying to catch him the first time, when Hannibal carved a smile into his stomach and killed their daughter. He doesn't know if it was the chase that started in Florence or the capture that seemingly finished it back in Baltimore. Honestly, Hannibal doesn't know that it has to do with any event, with any of the grueling torture he and Will put each other through.

Maybe all of that happening was just a result of the stark black darkness Will Graham repressed for so long, finally fluttering to the surface in the presence of Hannibal's own darkness, and wrecking chaos on everything around them.

It's poetic, Hannibal thinks. Every single time before the Fall, he felt an overwhelming sorrow when Will betrayed him, when just as he thought they were finally seeing each other, really *seeing* each other, the blackness within their souls touching fingertips, it was all ripped right from under him. In the moment, the sorrow and pain of Will's deception was all that he could focus on, but now, looking back at it, Hannibal reasons that it was just Will's darkness, fluttering and excited, being entertained for the first time in all of Will's life. And after so long, how could one not expect that darkness to have a little fun? To create a little chaos.

That's what Will was doing, really, letting his darkness run rampant, relishing in the chaos it created, loving the chase, the cat and mouse game that he and Hannibal created. And he just needed it to run rampant for a little while, Hannibal thinks. Needed to let it be free, before he could settle down with it. Much like a toddler being very excited about a new toy, using it nonstop until suddenly it just becomes a part of their everyday life, and the excitement dies down, but the toy always remains.

That was the beginning of Will's new life, a peak into what he could have. It was inevitable, really. Hannibal knows this, he and Will's darkness were tied together, always destined to find one another in order to draw their full potential out.

Maybe, Hannibal muses, in another life it would be Will who finds him, hiding, afraid of his own urges, and the roles of their current situation would be somewhat reversed. Or maybe it's destined to be this way, and no matter what reality, no matter what life, Hannibal will always be the one to seek Will out and bring them together.

It's an interesting concept, Hannibal thinks, but he doesn't bother thinking about it for too long. Why would he, when the struggle, as exciting as it was, is finally over, and his new life with Will Graham stretches out before him, ready and prime for the taking.

He definitely can't dwele, not when Will Graham is painted in blood, lips stretched in a sharp toothed grin, his hands wrapped around the hilt of a knife buried in the chest of their latest conquest.

The energy radiating off of him is intoxicating, and it dances across Hannibal's skin like zaps of electricity. The man is no one important, someone Will would call a ‘piece of shit’. Will picked him specifically because of his crimes against his children, the man had embarrassed them in public, beaten them with no ounce of shame no matter who was watching. Hannibal was sure some other onlooker had already called the police, beating your children tended to be frowned upon, but Will decided to take matters into his own hands.

It was faster this way, anyways, the police would have to launch an investigation, court would be involved, Will had reasoned to him.

His beautiful angel of vengeance, Hannibal mused, a smile quirking at his lips as Will twists the knife in the man’s chest, blue eyes dancing with dark pleasure as life drains from brown eyes.

Will pulls the knife from his chest in one fluid movement, hands stained black in the moonlight, taking a step back and letting the lifeless body of the man drop to the dirty cobblestone ground.

Hannibal hums his approval, and the electric eyes of his lover turn the full force of their power on him.

“Messy.” Hannibal comments, voice tilting with amusement.

Will grins, in that feral, dangerous way Hannibal loves so much, his eyes dancing and almost seeming to glow in the moonlight. He stalks towards Hannibal, like a predator on the prowl, knife still clutched tightly in his right hand, and for the first time in a while a trill of fear dances down Hannibal's spine.

Angel of vengeance, no, Will Graham is Lucifer himself.

When they’re chest to chest the knife clatters to the ground, and Will’s bloody hands are on Hannibal's cheeks, yanking him close and whispering against his lips, “I like when it’s messy.”

When their lips come together it’s seering, wet as Will wastes no time licking deeply into Hannibal's mouth, sucking on his tongue and backing him up onto the rough stone building, the type that Florence is known for. Hannibal kisses him right back, the surprise that flared in his mind quickly quieting down to make room for the intense amount of pleasure, pleasure from this situation, and pleasure from the way Will Graham kisses him like he’s dying for it.

The energy crackling off of his skin is raw, and it turns animalistic when he growls, low in his chest, against Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal winds his fingers in the dark waves of Will’s hair, his other hand pressed soundly to the small of the man's back, groaning low in his throat when Will bites at his lower lip. Blood floods his mouth, and his fingers tighten in Will’s hair as his mouth is consumed, devoured as Will licks the blood from his lips, sucks it from his tongue, and bruises his lips with the ferocity in which he’s kissing him.

He can feel Will's growing erection against his thigh, and he's not any better, hard and straining in his slacks. And as much as he would like to continue their little... escapade, time is of the essence, and the rapidly cooling body just a few feet away from them is evidence of that fact.

It takes far more of his restraint than Hannibal would like to admit to pull away from Will, and it takes even more to not dive right back in for another kiss when he sees the wide, blown pupils of Will's eyes.

A grin twitches at the corner of Hannibal's mouth, his grip loosening in Will's hair, smoothing it down best he can as he tries to anchor himself back in this world.

"As much as I'd love to continue, we have quite the mess to clean up." He says, voice low and husky with desire.

Will grins at him, cheeks dimpling, and he leans in one last time to lick at the wound he bit into Hannibal's lip. When he speaks, it's more like a low growl, his voice heavy with arousal, eyes flickering and catching in the moonlight.

"When we get home, I'm going to ruin you."

Another shiver dances up Hannibal's spine, and his breath comes out in a puff. Carefully, he eases his fingers from Will's hair, tucking his arms back in his personal space, lest they get caught because he can't control himself.

"And I look forward to it, beloved."

Hannibal cleans up as fast as he dares, trying to be efficient and clear the area of any traces of them while also brimming with anticipation for the events that would unfold once they got home. Will watches him the whole time, eyes boring in Hannibal's back, bloodied and beautiful under the moonlight.

When he's done, and not a shred of evidence is left besides the cool corpse of the man, Will is on him, his fingers tight at Hannibal's elbow as he steers them out of the alleyway, and Hannibal can't help but chuckle. There was a time, in their relationship, when he was doing all the leading. But now Will has grown into himself, has become a fine hunter and an even finer fisherman. He rivals Hannibal's skills, and Hannibal would have it no other way. A proper rival, a proper lover, equal in every sense of the word. And even more satisfying, he thinks, is the fact that he didn't create this man. He didn't *ruin* him, he only fine tuned his skills, and accepted him and all of his darkness as is.

All the people that knew their story in America would assume he turned Will into a monster, but Hannibal knows better. So do all of their friends, Will has always had it in him, Hannibal simply drew it out of him.

That much is clear, especially as they zoom away from the alleyway where the dead man lies, helmets secured over their heads, Will's arms wrapped tightly around his waist, his erection digging into Hannibal's back.

Will was a messy killer, dealing out whatever sentence he deemed fit to those with sins that were unforgivable. Hannibal doesn't know how many times he's had to clean up Will's mess, but he's more than okay with it. Happy to do it, even, if it means he and Will can continue on in this blissful state. Afterall, who is Hannibal to stop Lucifer from dolling out punishments?

The motorcycle quickly zooms out of town, purring underneath their thighs like an animal set free and stretching its legs. Will's grip around his waist is tight, and his body leans with Hannibal's around each curve and corner until they're finally home, and the soft rumble of the motorcycle comes to a halt outside their little house.

As soon as the door is unlocked, Hannibal finds himself pushed up against the nearest wall of their little house, Will's hands hot on his hips, crashing their lips together in a searing kiss, full of teeth and blood. His breath feels punched from his lungs as Will claws at him with all the ferocity of a feral animal, and a dark spark of arousal renews itself in his gut.

He returns the kiss with just as much intensity, fingers raking through Will's hair, down his back, drawing him impossibly closer. Will snarls against his lips, fingers curling in his shirt and tearing it open, buttons flying every which way, and Hannibal fights the gasp that threatens to pass his lips.

Instead he grins, wide and sharp toothed as Will's hands slide up his chest, his lips moving across Hannibal's skin to suck and kiss at his throat, "How can I possibly be expected to keep up appearances if you ruin every nice piece of clothing I own?"

Will lifts his head, and when they lock eyes Hannibal's breath gets caught in his throat. The man is certainly a sight to behold, blue eyes wild and hypnotic in their brightness, lips stretched into a smile, his teeth a dazzling white. Hannibal smooths his hand over Will's back, feeling the lean muscles flex under his palm through his shirt, and a shaky breath leaves his lips.

Will's voice is coated with a deep southern drawl when he answers, fingers threading in Hannibal's chest hair and pulling at it, "We can always buy you new clothes, darlin'. Besides," He leans in, shoving Hannibal's shirt down his shoulders, mouthing at his jaw, "You like when I rough you up as much as I like *seeing* you roughed up."

Now, how could Hannibal possibly deny that?

Hannibal means to move them upstairs, into their room and their bed. He means to ride Will into the mattress, hands on his chest, nails digging into his skin. He imagines Will's bloodied hands gripping tightly at his hips, helping Hannibal slam himself down onto his cock over and over again. He imagines Will taking control after the muscles in his thighs start to ache, fucking up into him with hard, measured thrust, hitting at his prostate every single time before Hannibal comes hard, untouched and shouting into the confines of their bedroom. He imagines Will fucking him through his orgasm and well beyond it, until he's withering and shaking with overstimulation.

It's a good fantasy, one that he has to make sure happens at some point, but they don't make it far enough into the house to even consider it.

Besides, Will is too keyed-up to consider any idea that doesn't include him bending Hannibal over the nearest object and fucking him like he owns every part of his body. And honestly, before Hannibal met Will, he would've decidedly killed anyone who so much as entertained the thought of that, but he finds, as he's bent over the arm of their couch, he doesn't much mind so long as it's Will who's behind him.

In fact, he excuses a lot of things for Will, things that he would kill normal people for. His sailors mouth, his sharp tongue, his possessive streak. Hannibal could've killed him after the very first time they met, after he got a face full of a gruff, prickly man with a voice like acid when he was annoyed or angry. Hannibal had, honestly, considered it. But there was something about all of it that was so… endearing. Maybe it was the fact that he couldn't actually look Hannibal in the eye as he said the things he did, maybe it was the hint of a southern drawl, one that Will tried so hard to cover up despite how utterly charming it was. Maybe it was the fact that he meant what he said with every single fiber of his being, his eyes sparking in cruel delight when he watched the face of whoever his rudeness was focused on crumple beneath the weight of his words.

His beautifully cruel man, delivering justice to the worst of mankind, Hannibal would have it no other way.

He's pulled from his thoughts by his own low moan, face smushed into the couch, clawing lightly at the cushions as Will makes quick work of his slacks and boxers, yanking them down Hannibal's legs before kneeling and spreading Hannibal open, licking a long stripe against his entrance. His thighs tremble in anticipation, breathy moans slipping past his lips as he feels Will's slick tongue circle around his rim, squeezing handfuls of his ass, fingernails digging into skin. The touch almost seems to set Hannibal's skin on fire, has him tingling all over and rock hard where his cock is pressed almost painfully against the arm of the couch. Or maybe it's just because Will is so fucking good with is mouth, sucking and licking teasingly over Hannibal's entrance before slipping into the tight ring of muscle. He holds Hannibal open as he drives his tongue in and out of the tightness of Hannibal's ass, nails digging into supple flesh, his mouth wrapping around Hannibal's spit slicked entrance and sucking at the rim.

Hannibal rolls his hips back against Will's face, fingers digging into cushions as he gives a shaky moan of pleasure, his knees feeling weak. If he died like this, he decided he would die a very very happy man. What more could he want?

Will easily answers that question for him as he pulls his tongue from Hannibal's entrance, a hot gasp leaving Hannibal's lips when teeth briefly sink into the flesh of his ass, marking him, claiming him.

" *Will* …" He breathes out, arousal flaring dangerously hot in his gut and licking like flames at his insides. Sweat crested his brow, and they hadn't even gotten to the good part yet. It was almost humiliating how fast Will broke him down, but oh was it worth every single second.

Will has a cool calmness when he speaks, and Hannibal can feel him coming to stand, big hands splayed over Hannibal's ass like he's admiring something he owns.

“Yes, darlin’?” He asks, and Hannibal could cum from his voice alone, slow and thick like molasses, rough and deep with arousal. It sends a shiver throughout Hannibal’s body, and for a moment he can do nothing but shake like a goddamn leaf and moan at Will like a wanton whore.

What would the papers say, if they saw him like this? ‘The Chesapeake Ripper, fucked stupid in his own home.’ He feels a sense of satisfaction at the thought of the public knowing, pride swelling in his chest as he imagines how all those conversations would go. ‘Did you hear, Will Graham tamed the Chesapeake Ripper?’ It is, admittedly, an odd thing to feel excited about, considering the fact that it would result in his own humiliation, but he can’t bring himself to care, not when it involves Will being the one to claim him, not only in body and mind, but also in every single social way possible.

A sharp slap sounds through the room, and pain blooms in the flesh of Hannibal’s ass, and very quickly his eyes go glossy at the feeling, mouth hanging open as his arousal roars in him, toes curling.

“ *Answer me* .” Will growls out, and another sharp smack lands on the other side of Hannibal’s ass. He gasps at it, and he can feel the heat blooming along his skin, staining it red where Will strikes him again. He’s dizzy with arousal, hot with need, and his brain feels short circuited as pain races down his spine and zings in his cock, hard to the point of leaking precum against the couch.

He chokes out a sound similar to that of a wounded animal, and Will’s hands turn gentle, caressing his hips and ass as Hannibal catches his breath, brain slowly re-booting in his head. God, if this was the type of night they're gonna have he has to write a reminder to call in sick to the Art Gallery he works at.

When Will speaks it's much softer this time, his hands gently squeezing Hannibal’s hips as he talks, “All okay?” He asks, and Hannibal nods his head in confirmation.

Will hums, and he asks again, voice deceptively soft, “Answer me, please?”

Hannibal lets out a shaky breath, grin curling at his lips, and he tauntingly sways his ass.

“Fuck me.”

The thing about Will Graham that Hannibal could have never predicted is his borderline obsession with breaking Hannibal down and out of his shell, tearing away the person suit and staring at the monster beneath it all, and then when faced with that monster, instead of letting it consume him, he tries to consume it instead. It was, as Will had told him once, a friendly ‘dick measuring’ contest. Sometimes Hannibal got the best of him, and his monster consumed Will’s all too willing body, and sometimes Will’s monster got the best of Hannibal. The end wasn’t what mattered, really, because they both enjoyed what happened either way, what mattered was the chase and the fight until one of them was forced to submit.

And, this forced submission, at least in Hannibal’s case, usually showed itself when he uses expletives that he would normally steer clear of saying at all. Vulgar words that he doesn’t

like when he's all put together, words that Will usually rips out of him with a sadistic smile and soft, loving eyes.

Will sucks in a sharp breath at his words, quickly tugging Hannibal's pants and boxers all the way down his legs until he's completely bare, shoes and all, and before Hannibal knows it he's being manhandled (him, Hannibal Lecter, *manhandled*) onto his feet. Hannibal muses that the only reason Will doesn't take him right there on the couch is because there's no lube around.

He's spun around to face his monster, his angel, and their mouths find one anothers in a frenzy, licking biting and sucking, drawing blood as they stumble their way upstairs to their shared room. Will's hands are all over him, traveling up his chest, down his sides, gripping at his hips. His tongue is hot in Hannibal's mouth, devouring him from the inside out, growling low in his throat as Hannibal moans against his lips. He tugs at Will's clothes, sudden realization washing over him as he realizes that he is, infact, the only one naked. Will has too many clothes on, *way* too many clothes, and Hannibal snarls as he attempts to rip them off. Will lets him, the sound of fabric tearing ringing out in the room as Hannibal rips the man's shirt from his body, adrenaline and anticipation racing through his veins.

He doesn't get much farther than that, then hungrily running his hands over Will's bare chest, before he's being shoved onto the bed with a surprising amount of strength.

Hannibal looks up at Will with lidded eyes, roaming over his half-naked form with a hum of appreciation in his throat. Will prowls around the bed, around him, the clear blue of his eyes darkened to the color of sapphires, and if Hannibal looks long enough he can almost see the unfurling of wings the color of pitch blackness, and the horns curled up above his head.

The image vanishes as quickly as it surfaced, as the sound of Will's jeans hitting the carpet reaches his ears. Hannibal spreads his legs in invitation, sitting back on his elbows at the center of the bed, his eyes dark with want and caught on the impressive curve of Will's cock, flushed, hard and ready. Will crawls onto the bed, settling between Hannibal's thighs with ease, and Hannibal wraps his thighs around Will's hips in response. The man doesn't say anything, but he doesn't need to. His eyes are burning, like a lake made of some type of blue molten lava, and, as he reaches above Hannibal for the lube they keep in their bedside drawer, his other hand encircles Hannibal's wrist, pulling it above his head and pressing it into the mattress.

Hannibal's breath comes out shaky and desperate, his cock painfully hard against his stomach, jumping with interest when Will pops the cap of the bottle and smears the liquid over his fingers, until it's dripping down his arm. It's way more than he needs to open Hannibal up, but Will likes getting him messy, taking him as far away from presentable as possible.

Will's eyes don't leave his, even as he's circling a finger over Hannibal's spit slick entrance, even as he's sinking that finger in deep, and Hannibal gasps at the intrusion. He clenches tightly around Will's finger, relishing in the delicious slide of it. Soon, one finger becomes two, two becomes three, and Hannibal is withering in the bed, trapped by Will's looming body above him. The hand that isn't being held above his head is curled tightly in the sheets, and he desperately rocks himself down onto Will's fingers, aching for him to hit that spot,

one that he *knows* Will has been purposely avoiding, if only to see the desperation written across Hannibal's face.

" *Will* ." Hannibal gasps out, arching into the thrust of the man's fingers. That must do something to him, because those blue eyes flash with some emotion so quick that Hannibal couldn't catch it, and then he's curling his fingers at the knuckles and Hannibal is crying out into the room, the feeling of electricity racing over his skin making him go stiff briefly before he completely melts, surrendering to the mind-blowing feelings of Will's fingers hitting his prostate with every thrust and curl of his fingers. His thighs *shake* with it, pleasure zapping up his spine and fogging any thought that might've entered his brain. His toes curl, and Will picks up the pace of his fingers, hitting Hannibal's prostate with deadly precision, over and over again until Hannibal's cock is twitching with the pleasure of it, leaking precum down his shaft and pooling around at the base.

He's hot all over, arching his back and clawing at the sheets with one hand, his other balled into a tight fist where Will holds him down. And, even with pleasure racing through his veins, even with his voice filling the room with loud moans and gasps, sometimes of Will's name, sometimes curses in different languages, he's not the one about to lose all shred of his control.

No, that would be his beloved William, who looks about ready to flip him over and fuck him brainless into the mattress. Hannibal lets a smug grin tug at his lips at the realization, moans turned into soft mewls of pleasure, grinding his ass down onto Will's fingers and encouraging the assault on his prostate.

Will's eyes darken dangerously as he looks at him, as he takes in the smug smile and eager movements, and before Hannibal can be smug for a moment longer his wrist is suddenly freed as Will swoops down and sheaths Hannibal's cock in his mouth all in one go.

Hannibal cries out in surprise, his hands flying to tangle in Will's hair. His cock damn near *pulses* with need, his ass clenching tightly around Will's fingers in response to the wet, hot heat of Will's mouth. All it takes is a well timed thrust of those fingers against his prostate, Will hollowing his cheeks and *sucking* , and then Hannibal is cumming.

When he cums, he arches off the bed, going silent, full body tremors wracking him. His cock twitches and spurts thick, hot cum down Will's throat. Will swallows it all, and how could he not, with the head of Hannibal's cock wedged down his throat. Will growls, and soon Hannibal whines as the vibrations stimulate his spent cock, his body shaking from overstimulation as Will continues to brutalize his prostate.

The sensation stops abruptly, and Hannibal nearly sobs as that mouth is pulled from his cock, and his wrist is pressed back into the bed in an iron grip. Those fingers are pulled from his ass, too, leaving him empty and devoid of any sort of stimulation he was bombarded with before. Will leans up and kisses him hungrily, sucking at his bottom lip as Hannibal floats above this plane of existence, mind blissfully blank and filled with nothing that isn't Will Graham. Somewhere, in the back of his mind, the rational part of him acknowledges how far gone he is, but he doesn't care, just lets himself float, even as he feels Will pull away from his lips, even as he hears the pop of the bottle of lube again.

What brings him out of it is the sight of Will wrapping a lube filled hand around his own cock, still hard and flushed, and dragging it over his shaft, leaving his skin wet and slippery. Hannibal's mouth goes dry as he watches, his softening cock twitching in interest, the type of feeling he hasn't felt since he was in his twenties and only had to wait ten minutes between round one and round two.

Will grins at him, all teeth, and, as he lines the head of his cock up with Hannibal's entrance, his blue eyes dance with darkness. A sadistic curiosity, a primal, dark sort of love, one that screams that Hannibal belongs to him and no one else. One that screams that Will would gladly kill whoever ventured just slightly too close to his mate. One that screams, as he pushes into the tight heat of Hannibal's ass, that he'll gladly kill for Hannibal no matter who that person is.

It's in that moment, as Hannibal arches his back, a mix between a whine and a snarl ripping through his throat as his body teters on the line of pain and pleasure, that he sees hell in those blue eyes.

A hell Hannibal would happily and willingly subject himself to.

Will doesn't give him time to adjust, to recover, he snatches Hannibal's other wrist in his hand and presses it to the mattress next to the one he already has pinned, and then he's fucking into Hannibal at a pace brutal enough for him to cry out, his shout echoing through the room, caught between wanting to tighten his thighs around Will's waist as he's pounded into, and letting his legs fall open even more, spreading himself wide for the taking.

Above him, Will snarls, fucking into Hannibal hard enough to get the wet squelch of lube ringing out in the room, his balls slapping obscenely against Hannibal's ass. And it's nothing Hannibal can do but arch into the feeling and toss his head back, his senses depleting at the minute as his entire body focuses on the pain and pleasure that zaps through his limbs. His thighs shake with it, overstimulation clouding over his mind as he lets out short gasps and cries of pleasure. His cock twitches where it rests at the curve of his hip, desperately trying to get hard again, and he relishes in the feeling of Will thoroughly using him.

"Look at you," Will drawls, dragging his lips across Hannibal's jaw, "So pretty and pliant underneath me. Letting me see you like this, thoroughly fucked and desperate for more like my own greedy slut. Does it feel good to be seen like this by me, Hannibal?"

And Hannibal can't even focus on answering because Will shifts his hips and gives another brutal thrust that hits his prostate dead on, and then Hannibal is crying out, hands balling into fists where they're held to the bed, thighs flexing around Will's waist, and he's suddenly aware of how painfully hard he is as Will hits his prostate over and over again, relentless with his thrust.

"Answer me, darlin'." Will says, sounding breathless as Hannibal's ass clenches tight around his cock, Hannibal's entire body writhing underneath him.

"Ye…" Hannibal fights for the words, mind deliciously foggy, " *Yes."*

And that's just the thing, Hannibal *loves* that Will gets to see him like this. Will sees *all* of him, every single part, even the ones Hannibal had buried so deeply inside of himself that even he forgot they were there. And the fact that he's seeing Hannibal like this, broken down and torn apart by Will's hands, by the cock that's still spearing in and out of his body like it's carving a space inside Hannibal's ass, is exhilarating. It's approximately the same feeling Hannibal got back in the days when their relationship was new, when Will was trying to kill him, when Will so nearly succeeded. It's that delicious feeling of a trapped animal, of prey being thoroughly hunted and then torn to shreds. Only this time, after Will is done ripping him apart, he'll put him back together again, like a teacup gathering itself after it's shattered.

The idea of being dominated and fucked silly by Will Graham wasn't something Hannibal thought about at first, and so when the situation presented itself and he found himself *enamored* with it, all Hannibal could do was add it to the long long list of things he couldn't have predicted about Will or their relationship.

But now, as he's being fucked within every inch of his life, he can't imagine this not ever coming to be. Will is a *perfect* above him, the living embodiment of Lucifer Morningstar, before and after the fall. Sweet, beautiful, and endlessly cruel. He slams into Hannibal's prostate with brutal efficiency, making it almost painful, and Hannibal could just *drown* himself in the feeling.

Before, he thought Will a simple lamb, his only purpose to be sacrificed for the greater good, for *Hannibal's* greater good. Something he would find amusement in knocking around before offering him up for the slaughter. In retrospect, Hannibal had achieved that. He played with Will's mind and had him jailed for his crimes, what he hadn't expected was Will's response. Because he wasn't a lamb, like Hannibal thought. He was hidden, a wolf in lamb's clothing, hiding so well that he had even Hannibal confused.

He wasn't hiding now, and was much more than a wolf, or any other wild animal Hannibal's fuzzy mind could think of. He wasn't a monster either, he was an Angel, fucking brutally into Hannibal's pliant body in the way only divinity can.

And, as Hannibal's body rushes into another orgasm, his thighs shaking, back arching, his skin *searing* where it's being touched by Will, he only has one coherent thought:

And so the Angel conquers the Demon.

He cums, shaking and untouched, with a cry of Will's name, fingernails digging into his palms, ass clenching tightly around Will's cock, painting his stomach and chest with ropes of white. Above the roaring in his ears he can faintly hear Will laughing at him, can feel his fingers flex around his wrist before their weight is gone and instead move to wrap around his thighs, pushing his legs up to his chest, almost folding him in half.

Hannibal throws his arms around Will's neck, pulling him down as his vision spots at the corners, gasping hotly against his lips as he reaches deeper, thrusts harder, is unrelenting even as Hannibal finally stops cumming. Vaguely, Hannibal thinks he can hear himself whining, laid bare and broken in his pleasure, nothing but the smell, sight and feel of Will flooding his senses. Broken down, stripped of his person suit, laid out and vulnerable for the taking. And oh, does Will take and take and *take.*

Hannibal's entire body shakes, an involuntary bodily reaction he couldn't have held back even if he tried, some rational part of his brain reminds him. A result of the vast overstimulation assaulting his senses, since Will has not let up the force in which he's fucking him. The bed slams into the wall over and over again, and if it weren't for Will's vice grip on his body Hannibal is sure he'd be slipping up the bed with every thrust.

He rakes his nails down Will's back, mouth open with nothing but broken moans falling from his lips, and he's drawing blood. He's not sure when he screwed his eyes shut, but he becomes aware of it when they fly open again, taking in the sight of Will above him, fucking into him mercilessly, the wet sound of their skin slapping together filling the room right along with Hannibal's broken moans, rumbling so deep they almost sound like snarls. He blinks once, and his mind offers him the image of Will with wings, dark as night and spread out above him as he drills Hannibal into the mattress. He blinks again, and the image is gone, but he can almost *feel* the curl of his fingers around feathers.

His nostrils flare, and he can *smell* the blood beading along Will's back, he can smell his own cum, wet and smearing against their stomach's as Will rocks against his body. And all that, mingling and mixing with the heady smell of sex, and the sound of Will's balls slapping against his ass with every harsh thrust, and Will turning his head to Hannibal's shoulder and *biting* , sends Hannibal into a fucking frenzy.

" *Will, Will, Will…* " Hannibal gasps out his name, fingers raking up and down the pale skin of his back, and then Will *moans,* loud and broken against his ear, and Hannibal goes boneless underneath him, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes as Will's thrust turn erratic. The smell of his and Will's blood mixes in the air, and then Hannibal thinks he's cumming again, more pain than pleasure ripping through his body, his cock soft and twitching, not even able to give a weak spurt of cum to offer any sort of relief. He cums dry, with the tears he has at the corners of his eyes finally spilling over, and he *screams* .

And then he's floating, far away in a room within his mind, a room that is blissfully blank, mouth open and gaping, ass clenching in a vice like grip around Will's cock. And when Will cums, with a high pitched moan against his ear, flooding him with wet warmth, Hannibal is thrown even deeper into the blankness of the room. His eyes roll back into his head, his nails dig bloody crescents into Will's back, the corners of his mind fuzzy with pleasure and his nose filled with the scent of *Will* .

His entire body feels fuzzy around the edges, like he somehow doesn't actually exist in this plane, and somewhere far far away he can hear the sound of Will's voice, can feel a soft, sweet kind of pressure against his forehead, his cheeks, his lips. And then suddenly the warmth is gone from his ass.

Sound comes rushing back at him all at once, and he blinks his eyes open, drawing in a breath of air. Will is pressing soft kisses to his face, and now Hannibal can hear his voice.

"You did so good, so perfect."

Hannibal hums, loosening his grip on Will's shoulders, and he can feel more than see the smile on Will's face, his lips pressed against Hannibal's cheek.

“That was certainly unexpected.” Hannibal croaks out, and he feels a blooming surprise in his chest at how wrecked his voice sounds. Will laughs again, and Hannibal would gut himself if it meant he could hear that sound everyday for the rest of his life. Will rolls over next to him, and Hannibal focuses all of his energy on rolling over to face him, his body boneless and spent. Will smiles at him, reaching out and swiping his hair from his forehead.

“Do you think anything I do will make you completely lose your composure or will you alway be able to gather yourself together like nothing happened after?” The question isn’t bitter, Will asks it with a smile on his face and fondness in his eyes, but Hannibal is surprised by it nonetheless, his eyebrows climbing to his hairline.

“And what about this situation makes you think I haven’t been completely debauched, William?” A smile tugs at his lips as he watches the tell tale sign of Will’s nose scrunching up as he’s addressed by his full name. “Did I not scream loud enough?” His voice is even but his eyes are alight with amusement, watching as an endearing pink dust across Will’s cheeks.

“Forget it.” Will says, shaking his head. Before Hannibal can reassure him of anything, really, he’s rolled out of their bed and disappeared into the bathroom. Hannibal would have half a mind to follow after him, but his muscles feel like jelly and he’s not sure if he’d be able to stand without wobbling. Instead he lets out a sigh through his nose, sinking into the mattress as he listens to the sound of running water from the bathroom. He doesn’t ever think he’s going to fully know what’s going on in the magnificent brain in Will’s head, hadn’t he been obvious about his lack of composure during their activities? Surly Will doesn’t think he’s, what, *faking it?* Or maybe Will is simply being left unsatisfied. The thought sends a pang through his chest.

Before he can dwele on it Will comes from the bathroom, stark naked with a washcloth in his hand. He’s quiet as he leans over the bed, face carefully blank as he wipes Hannibal down. He starts from the bloody handprints on his hips before trailing up to the drying cum smeared on his stomach and chest. Hannibal watches him, mind racing with a thousand and one possibilities of what could possibly be wrong, and in the end, his mind focuses on one thing:

Will is unsatisfied.

Nothing, not one thing in all of his years of living, of knowing Will, prepares him for the pain that comes from this realization.

They take turns cleaning eachother off, working in what would be a comfortable silence if Will’s words hadn’t left him reeling. Hannibal cleans the blood from the wounds he’s left on Will’s back and shoulders, making sure to tread lightly as the man lets out a small hiss at the feeling. The night winds down as Hannibal finishes bandaging Will up, and a quick glance at the clock on their nightstand tells him it’s three in the morning.

Hannibal is quiet as they settle in bed, underneath the blankets together, trying not to feel or look stiff as his mind races. It’s not very hard to do, despite the foreign feeling of something he can only describe as panic rising in his chest. Will is warm and solid behind him, his back pressed to the man’s chest. Will buries his nose in the hair at the nape of his neck, and Hannibal lets out a soundless sigh, his fingers threading with the ones Will has splayed

against his chest. Will's breath evens out as he falls asleep, and Hannibal is left awake, warm all over and surrounded by Will, his heart beating much faster than normal.

Will isn't satisfied. Hannibal doesn't know when it started happening, if it's been something ongoing or if it's something recent. Was it just their sex life? Or was it their entire lives in general? Was Will growing tired of him? Was he bored with their routine, did he want something he thought Hannibal couldn't give him? Or did he realize he was *better?* Hannibal had always known this to be a possibility, that Will would flourish into the man he was meant to be, and that he would realize his own worth. That he would realize the strength within his own darkness, that he would realize just how *dangerous* he really is. That's all Hannibal has ever really wanted for his beloved, and he's ecstatic at the idea that this is finally happening, but he's also terrified. Because if Will knows all of this, then he must know how much more capable he is. Their strengths compliment each other, but Will has something Hannibal doesn't: his empathy. It makes him strong, it makes him dangerous, and it makes him impossible to predict. He must've realized that if Hannibal can't even predict what he's thinking, then neither can anyone else. Superior, in every way.

And if he realized that, he must be thinking about leaving Hannibal behind.

A sharp pang stabs through Hannibal's heart at the thought, a frown tugging at his lips in the darkness of their room, and unconsciously he gives Will's hand a gentle squeeze. He can't lose Will because of his own shortcomings.

So it's there, in that moment, that he decides he won't. He'll match Will in every step of his journey, he won't let himself be left behind. Even if he has to hang on by a thread, he'll show Will that he's capable, that he's *meant* to be his, his lover, his husband, his mate. He'll make sure Will never grows bored or tired of him, he'll make sure Will is satisfied. And if he can't? He'll ask Will to gut him. Because he'll happily die by Will's hand if it means he'll satisfy him one last time.

It all boils down to two options: raise himself up to Will's level, or die by Will's hands.

Hannibal closes his eyes, and he slips into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal meets a very interesting person.

Chapter Notes

I decided I wanted to get this posted before I got enveloped by things pertaining to my birthday today, so it is not edited what-so-ever. This, the first chapter and the tags will be fully edited by the 22nd of February, so look out for that! Sorry this took so long, enjoy!

Song for this chapter: Streets by Doja Cat

Hannibal has a plan by the time he opens his eyes in the morning.

Will is warm behind him, little puffs of his breath fanning out across Hannibal's neck where he's buried his face. His arms are relaxed against Hannibal's chest, so he doesn't disturb Will as he slowly extracts himself from his arms.

He's the picture of serenity as Hannibal turns around to look at him. The sun shines through the curtains they had neglected to close the night before, and the rays splash across Will's face, casting him in a golden glow. His hair is like a halo around his head, unruly waves splashed across the pillow like an ink stain, lips pink as rose and skin smooth as stone. Just looking at him makes Hannibal's heart tug in his chest, and he reaches across the bed to smooth his thumb over Will's cheekbone. He doesn't doubt God anymore, because who else could've brought him a creature as beautiful as Will? Who else could've *created* a creature such as Will?

God brought him to Hannibal, and now it's his job to keep him.

The thought steels Hannibal's spine, and with one last kiss to Will's forehead Hannibal sweeps out of the room and into the shower. He goes through his routine, washing his hair, his body, fingertips lingering on the bruises littered along his hips, and the bite mark at his shoulder. He commits them to memory, because for some reason he feels as if this could be the last time he sees them. If everything in his plan were to somehow backfire, he's sure it will be.

He turns the knob of the shower, and the water comes to a stop. He towels off, and as he's dressing in a charcoal grey button-down he lays out his plan for the day.

Phase one will include, inevitably, secrets and carnage. He'll go downstairs and make breakfast for them, with Will coming down to join him about halfway through cooking, as usual. He will act as if nothing is the matter, to keep Will off his trail. And he'll have to really make a show of this, because Will is like a bloodhound, sniffing out lies and deceit faster than Hannibal's mind can supply them.

After breakfast he'll kiss Will goodbye, and on his way into work he'll call in sick. It's Wednesday, so the gallery won't be terribly understaffed and Will goes fishing an hour or so after he leaves. An hour should be more than enough time for Hannibal to start gathering the materials he needs. Unfortunately, he can't do it all at once, not unless he wants them to be run out of the country. This'll have to be an on-going scheme, one that happens every Wednesday, where there's enough window of opportunity for him not to get caught. Will usually stays out fishing until dinner, so it's far enough time for Hannibal to clean up any traces of evidence that may be left in the house.

His carnage will last a month. One death per week, with the bodies preserved until the very last week, when his construction of the display declaring his love will begin.

In greek mythology, Zeus gave his wife, Hera, an apple tree. It was said to grow apples made entirely of gold, and the meaning of the golden apple has a few distinct explanations within greek mythology: beauty and immortality. Hannibal is going to give Will his own version of this tree, one washed in blood and built from his own hands, and in place of golden apples will instead be the hearts he preserved from the pigs he's slaughtered. What better way to show Will of his devotion, of his love, than this? His love for Will makes him as mortal as the hearts that will hang from the tree, and Will's beauty makes him feel as raw as the hearts will look: bloodied and dripping. The sight will be a declaration of his intention to never let Will go, a promise to always keep up with him no matter what path he decides to turn down. It will be a shrine fit for the worship of a God.

He sets this entire plan into motion by cooking a protein scramble for breakfast.

The morning is quiet without Will by his side, the light soft and warm, giving their kitchen a domestic quality as Hannibal cooks over the stove. His life in these moments feels incredibly still, with only the sizzling of eggs and sausage there to comfort him. Hannibal hadn't given much thought to how empty his life was before he met Will, in fact he didn't even think something like this was ever in the playing cards. He was other, not quite human, not quite a monster, and so he thought the human concept of love wasn't something for him to have. That is until he watched it, ducking and weaving between his fingers, just out of reach, in the form of brown hair, blue eyes and a foul mouth.

And so, sitting in this stillness, in this silence before Will gets up and starts his life again, is unnerving. He would not survive if he had to go back to living like this, if he lost the best thing that's happened to him. He won't let Will slip through his fingers again, not after they finally caught each other.

The sound of footsteps coming down the stairs and the scent of Will, fresh out of the shower, brings Hannibal out of his own head. Quickly he checks his watch, a quarter till eight, before turning his attention back to the eggs simmering in the pan. He's adding salt and pepper to them when Will walks in, bare feet light on the floorboards as he sweeps into the room. Hannibal wonders if his fingers will ever stop tingling in anticipation as he listens to Will walk up behind him, and he wonders if it'll ever stop feeling like the world is finally starting up again when Will touches him. Clothed arms slide around his waist, above his apron, and a kiss is pressed to his shoulder.

"Good morning." Will's voice is gruff when he speaks, and Hannibal hums in response, fighting a smile from his lips as he pushes the eggs around in the pan, their breakfast is almost ready.

"Good morning, Will." And he can't help but smile slightly as Will's arms tighten around his waist. "Did you sleep well?"

"I did." Will replies easily, giving a sigh through his nose before he presses one more kiss to Hannibal's shoulder. "Is there anything I can help with?"

"No," Hannibal says, turning his head to catch a glimpse of Will's face behind him, feeling very bare as he lets Will see the softness in his eyes. "Everything's in order, you can take a seat, breakfast will be ready shortly."

Will gives him one of his small, sweet smiles, the type he reserves only for the people he cares about, and Hannibal has to exert more self control than he would like to admit to not jump Will right then and there.

That smile stays sweet as Will reaches up and kisses behind his ear, but his words, whispered gently against Hannibal's skin, are anything but.

"I ever tell you how nice it is, waking up the morning after I've ruined you to find you in the kitchen, cooking for us like you're a housewife?" Will's voice is light and playful, his fingers toying with the strings of the apron, and Hannibal goes very stiff, turning his head back to the eggs and turning off the burner as they near completion. He's already recalculating the plans he set up for today, pushing everything back as Will trails his lips down the side of his neck.

"I don't believe you have." Hannibal says, voice carefully controlled as Will noses against his skin, those slim fingers slipping beneath the apron and toying with the clasp of his pants.

This display is something Hannibal finds himself enjoying the more and more Will does it. It's like clockwork, and Hannibal finds joy in being able to predict this one thing about his beloved. Will is so highly attuned to emotions, and the effect they have on people, that sometimes it's almost like Hannibal has someone in his head. It's like what he feels, Will also feels just as intensely, and it creates a feedback loop. When he first figured this out, it was during their third or fourth round of sex. Hannibal saw that Will showed no sign of stopping, not only because he found personal enjoyment in breaking Hannibal into pieces, but because he could feel the overwhelming tide of pleasure that Hannibal himself felt, almost like he could smell the chemicals his brain produced, and so he kept going, kept giving and giving and giving until it was overwhelming, until Hannibal felt like he was drowning in it.

This… feedback loop they create is extremely difficult to get out of, and it's partially why they danced around each other for so long when Will was working with the FBI. But now, throw pleasure into the mix, and they're almost like teenagers again, fucking any chance they get, whenever, where ever.

That's how Hannibal finds himself bent over the dining room table, slacks pulled down to his ankles, fighting back moans as Will fucks into him hard enough to get the wood groaning with every smack of his hips.

He pants softly, hands curling into first where Will has them secured behind his back, and he relishes in the feeling of Will's cock stretching him wide and filling him up. There's slight discomfort, a twinge of pain because he's still sore from the night before, and that just makes it all the more perfect.

The room quickly fills with the smell of sex, and Hannibal's senses feel cloudy with it, drowning him in a sea of pleasure he can barely keep his eyes open to. Will's cock fills and drags inside of him in long, strong strokes, hips smacking harshly against the back of Hannibal's thighs and ass, grip tight and bruising around his wrists. The head of his cock nudges against and then past Hannibal's prostate with every thrust, and if it weren't for Hannibal's self control he's sure he'd be shaking apart by now. Instead he grits his teeth, involuntary guttural groans pushing out past his teeth, fingernails digging into his palms as his body is jerked forward with the strength of Will's thrusts.

He's so hard it's almost painful, cock hanging full and flushed, weeping and bobbing between his legs, and if his self control was truly out of commission he'd be gasping out a plea for Will to touch him there, to fuck him and wrap a rough hand around his cock, to jerk him fast and hard until he came with a cry of Will's name.

He doesn't say all of this, of course, but Will knows him well enough now that reading his silent requests are easy, and before Hannibal knows it the hand around his wrist is moving to his shoulder, fingernails digging into flesh as Will pulls him up, his back arching into a bow as he braces himself on the edge of the table. They're pressed so close they could almost meld together, and Hannibal moans at the thought, tilting his head back as one of Will's rough, warm hands circles tightly around his neglected cock.

"If I could," Will pants against the nape of his neck, "I would have you like this every day for the rest of my life."

Mouth dry, it takes Hannibal a few moments to articulate a semi-presentable response, his voice breathy and pitched low when he answers, "Who says you can't?"

Will pounds into him, over and over again, hand jerking over Hannibal in time with his thrusts, and Hannibal gives little punched out moans at the feeling. The world around him feels like it could shake out of place at any moment, the world Hannibal went through so much to have, the world he almost destroyed, the world he now knows he couldn't live without. A world he has to protect, a world where Will stands by his side.

The harsh sound of Will's breaths and the smack of their hips hardens Hannibal's resolve. He's going to save their relationship, he's going to save *them* .

Will's thrust turn sloppy, and, as he comes with a shout, Hannibal closes his eyes, moaning softly as he follows Will over the edge. Because he would follow Will anywhere.

Hannibal finds that searching for the cattle that would help him complete his project is harder than he had originally thought. There are plenty of rude men and women in Florence, but Hannibal finds himself hesitant to settle on anyone he comes across. It's slightly disorienting. He has no problem killing, and he can't help but wonder what's holding him back now. Is it because this is the first time he's hunting without Will in months? Has hunting alone lost its appeal? He's not sure.

He wanders around the busy markets of Florence far longer than he would've liked to, hand in the pocket of his slacks, a few bags on his arms with the contents of their dinner inside. He's had three, or maybe four, opportunities to kill someone.

The woman who bumped into him, didn't say excuse me, then glared and spat at his feet.

The man in the flower shop who cut in line and then harassed the woman at the counter into lowering her price for him.

The man he saw snatching wallets and purses when he thought no one was looking.

But somehow, none of them are enough. He feels the urge to kill them, to humiliate them, he always has and he thinks he always will, but they're not enough to serve his agenda. Mere flies, annoying enough to be swatted at.

And so he makes his way into the butchers shop, feeling somewhat defeated and annoyed with his own limitations, ones he didn't even realize he had until he set upon this project.

The shop is quiet as Hannibal walks in, fans whirring from somewhere behind the counter, fresh meat strung up on hooks and displayed within long rectangular refrigerators, the glass shiny and spotless. The floorboards are polished but old, and as Hannibal makes his way further inside they groan underneath his feet. There's no one in the shop with him, not even an assistant behind the counter, and the air is eerily still.

Hannibal walks closer to the counter, breathing in deep, and all the smells of the shop fill his nose: beef, lemon scented floorboard polish, lamb, wax paper, pork. He doesn't particularly need any meat for tonight's dinner, Will always brings home what he's caught and Hannibal always finds a recipe to cook it, but years of dinner parties and entertainment has given Hannibal a knack for meal planning. They could do something with beef tomorrow night, maybe a beef wellington.

Hannibal takes another deep breath: beef, pork, lamb, and…

Hannibal pauses, turning from where he was looking at the available steaks, and he breathes in once more. Beef, pork, lamb and human blood.

There’s no mistaking it, Hannibal’s nose is quite good and he’s always had an affinity for identifying the smell of human blood. He was a surgeon for some time and it was everywhere then, not to mention how many times he’s dirtied his hands with it.

Curiosity driving him, Hannibal slips behind the counter, and he follows the scent of the blood behind the door separating the shop's front and the carving stations. The door closes with a soft thud behind him, and despite the smell of human blood being strong and very fresh, the room is spotless. There are big wooden tables scattered throughout with different types of stainless steel carving equipment stationed on top. Towards the very back is a big silver door, just barely cracked open, latch hanging loose with wafts of frigid air drifting through. Everything feels very still, almost staged, any unsuspecting party wouldn’t have a slightest clue that something was up.

The closer Hannibal gets to the freezer, the stronger the smell becomes, blanketing over him in thick waves. The metallic smell is fresh, blood exposed long enough to oxidize, and if it weren’t for a factor Hannibal has yet to account for, he would probably be watching it seep out of the open crack of the freezer, would probably be clicking his tongue in distaste as the blood flooded around his leather shoes.

Hannibal curls his leather-bound fingers around the edge of the freezer door, and as it swings open, he acknowledges the fact that the body was most likely drained of its blood like a pig.

And he’s right. In front of him is a naked corpse of a woman, suspended upside down and blue with cold, crystallized blood clumping around the slash wound on her neck. She’s young, just barely out of her teen years, with long brown hair that’s dull with death, pooling onto the frigid floor. The flesh of her thighs looks raw, shaved down and pink.

Hannibal hums in amusement at the sight- is the killer a cannibal? Is he eating slices of the girl’s thigh like deli meat? And he’s using the butchers shop to cover his tracks, he’s certainly very clever. The kill looks practiced, planned and executed down to the letter, so this isn’t his first time killing, and it won’t be the last.

Hannibal steps further into the freezer, eyes calculating as he steps around the body in slow circles, wondering silently if the kill was personal, or if the killer just had a particular fondness for brunettes. How in that moment he wished Will was standing there with him, helping him seep into the mind of the killer and uncover all of his deepest darkest secrets. The slice across the woman’s throat was done with a delicate hand, someone with a flair for the dramatics. The cut is in a sharp arch across her neck, curving upwards from one end, slashing across her throat, and tapering off at the other end; doing what she cannot in the face of her own death: smiling.

The swift approach of footsteps brings Hannibal out of his own head. A distinctly female-sounding voice calls out in Italian:

"Hey! Chi è tornato qui?!”

Hannibal makes his way out of the freezer, face a mask of neutrality as his muscles seem to thrum with energy, his entire psyche undeniably pleased at the discovery he’s made for reasons completely different from the time he sewed a man into the center of his own

carnage. That time, he was appreciating art. He was an assistant to the man wielding the brush, offering a different perspective, molding the narrative, creating the scene. This time, he's a predator facing off with another predator. Hannibal sees even clearer now why hunting killers is such a big part of Will pathology. Or at least, he sees why this particular brand of murder is something he quite enjoys participating in with Will. There's something intoxicating about going into a fight with another person who thinks themselves to be the smartest, strongest person in the room. There's something delicious about proving them wrong, about watching the realization gloss over their eyes like a thick fog as they realized they've lost. And even sweeter is the taste of blood from a formidable opponent.

One look at the woman standing in front of him, with her slight frame hiding the cords of muscle racing underneath olive skin, the dark hair piled atop her head, the flat, dead look in her shark-like eyes, and the knife clutched tightly in her right hand tells Hannibal everything he needs to know. The woman is the predator responsible for the death of the girl hanging in the freezer.

A smile that shows the sharp tips of his teeth spreads across Hannibal's face as he takes in all of these details about the woman, his mind racing a thousand miles a minute as he prepares for a fight. She'll be clever, she has to be, as small as she is, and she'll utilize anything near as a weapon. He can't use his strength to steer the direction of the fight, not only will she be expecting that but she's practiced in taking down large prey. He'll have to beat her with a cleverness of his own. A battle of the wits.

"I'm terribly sorry for the rude intrusion." Hannibal says, and he means it. "I was looking for assistance and stumbled across the wonderfully carved meat in your freezer. Is it a part of a personal collection?"

The woman scrunches her nose in distaste, and when she answers her voice is light as air, the only betrayal of her alarm coming from the visible tightening of her fingers around the hilt of the knife.

"No, I don't indulge, I only sell." She answers in English, those flat black eyes locked on Hannibal, sizing him up.

Hannibal tsks, face a mask of disinterest despite the dark set of his eyes. "How terribly rude."

The woman's mouth curls into a sneer, "Those that act like animals should feast like animals."

The room is incredibly still, not even the sound of a breath heard amongst their voices.

"I find I have a very different opinion on the morality of cannibalism." Hannibal answers easily, casually shrugging his coat from his shoulders and folding it over his arm, the woman's eyes following him the entire time. Eventually, she follows suit, pulling her bloodied apron over her head and laying it on one of the nearby tables. Her fingers flex around the knife as Hannibal takes in her plain black slacks and purple turtleneck, clothes he decides he'll have no problem destroying.

“Perhaps in a different circumstance we could’ve had a conversation about our differences.” Hannibal says, carefully folding his coat on the table nearest to him. It was a gift from Will, he’d be terribly annoyed if anything happened to it.

For the first time emotion flashes across the woman’s face, maybe not hope, but a kind of understanding. She’s standing in the face of another predator, one made from a different cloth, but a predator all the same.

“And why can’t we just go our separate ways, schedule a time for that conversation to take place?” She asks, but the threatening step forward reveals what Hannibal already knew: this interaction won’t end without one of them dead.

Amusement twinkles behind Hannibal’s eyes and filters into his voice when he responds, “Because you’re a gift for my husband.”

Hannibal smiles once more. “Shall we?”

The woman stares at him for a beat longer, then she lunges, and Hannibal feels *alive* .

Turns out the body of a human woman, no matter how petite, is much harder to hide from Will than Hannibal thought it was going to be. It becomes a particular problem when Hannibal is in their basement, a room significantly smaller than the one he had in Baltimore, heart freshly removed with a body on the stainless steel table, and Will comes home. He’s early by at least an hour or two, the fish must’ve been biting, or he’s caught something particularly large. From the heavy stomp of Will’s boots, to the sound of a heavy cooler hitting the kitchen counter, and the poorly concealed excitement in Will’s voice when he calls, “Hannibal?” Hannibal can safely assume it’s the latter.

Hannibal kicks his packaging into overdrive, sealing the heart in a bag and carefully placing it in the very back of their freezer.

“I’m here.” Hannibal calls back, voice masked with indifference, because it would be more suspicious if he didn’t answer, “I’ll be up momentarily.”

The sound of Will’s boots across the floorboards comes closer and closer to the basement doors, and Hannibal hastily drags the woman’s dead body into the freezer, laying it flat on the ground, her lifeless black eyes cast up to the ceiling as he closes the door and latches her inside. The plastic of his suit crinkles as he quickly wipes down the table with nearby clorox wipes, a handy investment for quick cleanup he will begrudgingly admit Will was right about, and the sound of Will’s boots on the stairs forces Hannibal into overdrive.

“What are you doin’ down here?” Will asks, voice a soft, lazy drawl, and much closer than before. Just as those booted feet touch the bottom stair, Hannibal turns around to look at him. He’s dressed for the water, wearing a blue flannel underneath a khaki colored vest, jeans that

aren't faded only because Hannibal refused to let Will go cheap on the denim, and a grey cap atop his head. Those soft blue eyes sharpen as they sweep over the room, taking in the sight of Hannibal in all of his suited up glory, the chill in the room from the freshly closed freezer, and the shininess of a metal table yet to dry from being wiped down.

Those eyes snap back up to his face, and Hannibal forces his voice steady, feigning nonchalance when he answers, "I thought it best to start taking inventory of the meat we have." He says it with confidence, but the excuse feels weak even to his own ears. Will's eyes sear into his flesh, staring holes into him.

His voice is cut and curt when he responds, "Spring cleaning?"

Hannibal keeps eye contact, body relaxed as the skin around his eyes goes tight. "Yes, you could say so." He says, but he doesn't give Will any room to inquire further, "What have you brought home for dinner?"

For a while, Will remains silent. It's deliberate, his eyes seem to piece Hannibal's skin, all the warmth faded out to make room for a cold, calculating stare, seeming to frost the room over and suspend it in time.

And then the frosty spell is broken, and Will whirls around on his heel, boots stomping up the steps with Hannibal not far behind him, his voice nonchalant when he answers: "Swordfish."

The tension does not leave Hannibal's shoulders as he follows Will up the steps, his plastic suit crunching almost awkwardly in the comfortable, albeit charged, silence that's washed over them. Will leads the way to the kitchen, and much like he promised a fresh swordfish lay in the open cooler, one exponentially bigger than what Will would have left with.Will's boots seem to bang in the silence as he makes his way over to stand at the counter in front of the fish, answering Hannibal's unspoken questions as he moves the cooler to the floor.

"A couple of fishermen were at the dock when I showed up. They were short a hand, asked if I could help out. Apparently I look approachable now." Will explains, casting Hannibal a thinly veiled look of amusement over his shoulder as he pulls out a fish that is easily at least seven feet long.

Some of the tension from Hannibal's shoulders loosens, his eyes crinkling at the corners in a silent smile. "Contrary to what you believe, Will, most people would rather enjoy finding an opportunity to speak with you. In this instance, those fishermen on the dock recognized and acknowledged the skill in another." Hannibal takes several steps forward, laying his hand on the small of Will's back, affection blooming in his chest as he takes in the mess of brown waves and the fresh smell of the sea.

"Go clean up, I'll take care of dinner" Hannibal says, his voice sounding softer even to his own ears. Will casts him a sideways glance, closes his eyes briefly as Hannibal presses a kiss to the scar decorating his forehead, and as he moves across the kitchen he calls out, "Lose the plastic suit, Hannibal." And Hannibal knows everything is going to be okay.

Before he starts cooking, he does lose the plastic suit like Will suggested, shedding his regular suit jacket as well in the process. He washes his hands before rolling the cuffs of his

charcoal grey button down up his forearms, shifting through recipes in his head as he sets the cooler off to the side, out of his way. The fish is very heavy as Hannibal hauls it onto a cutting board atop the counter, easily a hundred pounds even with its caudal fin and 'sword' already cut off, probably for easier transport. Cutting into the fish puts a warm, tranquil calm over Hannibal's mind, eyes focused on his knife sliding through flesh as his mind wanders. He and Will are okay, for now. Hannibal knows Will's not going to let go what was almost him catching Hannibal in the act this afternoon, and Hannibal also knows that Will won't take too kindly to him hunting alone especially if Hannibal doesn't have his display ready as explanation. Getting caught is the worst case scenario, could possibly lead to a deadly fight between them, and Hannibal doesn't want that to happen. That being said, Hannibal doesn't know the extent of what Will knows. He's incredibly observant and he can see the world through Hannibal's eyes if he so wishes, he probably knows more than he's currently letting on. Hannibal can only assume it's nothing incriminating because his life hasn't been threatened yet.

Will is a tricky man to deceive, even when he was stumbling around, blind and confused as to who he was. And even then, Hannibal didn't win the game they played, it was a bloody draw that left them both with scars and trust issues. It got them to where they are now, so Hannibal doesn't necessarily regret the things they did to each other. He does wonder, sometimes, what would happen if they didn't choose the most destructive road to go down. Maybe if they had met earlier, when Will was still a homicide detective and Hannibal was a youth in Florence, or if he had taken a moment to really listen to the words Will spoke to him in his kitchen before gutting him and killing their daughter.

It doesn't matter much in the end, because no matter what game they played in the beginning Hannibal knows now that he wouldn't have, couldn't have, won it. And he doesn't expect to win the game he's playing now, even with his romantic intentions in mind. He only plans on stretching it on long enough to complete his task, because whether he likes it or not, and he does quite like it, Will's brain is endlessly fascinating, Will is going to connect the dots and reveal him sooner rather than later.

With the swordfish properly taken apart, Hannibal clears the cutting board of the carcass and seals the other meat away in the freezer. Unlike the one they keep downstairs, filled almost to the point of gluttony with meat, Hannibal insists on keeping the one in their kitchen orderly and neat.

He's gathering spices and adding butter to the pan when Will comes back into the kitchen, his bare feet padding against the tiles.

"Need a sous chef?" He asks, pulling a knife from the chopping block and gently bumping Hannibal with his shoulder, his face unreadable beyond the pleasant warmth in his eyes.

"Not particularly," Hannibal hums, pressing seasoning into the fish, "However your help is always welcome. There are cherry tomatoes and capers in the fridge, if you could please slice them in halves for the pan."

Will follows his instructions, rinsing both items in water before sliding a cutting board next to Hannibal's workstation, knife gliding through tomatoes with a dull thud with every pass.

“Should I ask what we’re having or is that still improper?” Will asks, and from the corner of his eye Hannibal can see a smile poking at the corner of Will’s mouth.

“It’s not improper,” Hannibal answers easily, laying the fish into the buttered pan, “But half of the excitement is in the surprise of the dish.”

Will gives a soft snort, tilting the cutting board to the pan and guiding the tomatoes in with the edge of his knife as Hannibal busies himself with making the sauce, plucking the ingredients from the fridge and a bowl from the top cabinet.

“That was when I was part of your audience, watching you in your element in a dazed awe, just eating at the table.” Will says, his voice matter-of-fact as he glides a glaze over the fish, per Hannibal’s silent request. “But I’m the sous chef now, someone who’s supposed to know the recipe.”

Hannibal’s body pauses briefly without his permission, warmth flooding his chest once he moves again, wrist flicking in quick movements as he whisks the sauce together. “The term ‘sous chef’ implies that you are lower than I, someone to clean up behind me and complete simple tasks that are compliments to the dish, but not as important as the main meal. I think we’re past that now, are we not?”

Hannibal lifts his eyes to find Will already looking at him, blue eyes filled to the brim with an intensity so strong it almost seers through Hannibal’s flesh. And they stand there for a while, with the smell of cooking fish wafting through the air, and electricity crackling between them.

“I would say we are very much past that.” Will answers, his voice taking on a dangerous tilt. “What would you say I am to you now, Hannibal, if not the sous chef?”

Outwardly, Hannibal knows he looks fine. He can feel his body turning, can feel the heat of the pan as he turns the swordfish steaks over so they can sear on the other side. His body is trained in the action of hiding his emotions, so, even as his stomach tightens and his chest warms, he goes about cooking as if he hasn’t been thrown off by Will’s words. They had married one another for god’s sake, maybe not legally, but in every other way that mattered. What was Will if not the co-executive chef? The days of Hannibal manipulating and controlling Will to gain the upper hand, to *hurt* him, are long behind them. They take on the world together now, and Hannibal would have it no other way. What is Will to him if not the most important person in Hannibal’s life?

“Who was Patroclus to Achilles? Who was Persephone to Hades? Who was Lucifer to Lilith?” The sizzling of the pan lessens as Hannibal plates the dish, arms feeling slightly stiff as he arranges the cherry tomatoes and capers on top of the golden brown fish, a tense silence washing over them. Will speaks as Hannibal is pouring sauce over the dish.

“Patroclus and Achilles died because of Achilles’ arrogance, Hades tricked and kidnapped Persephone, and Lucifer is not exactly known for his luck in the romance department.” Will answers, grabbing the plates from off the counter and catching Hannibal’s eye, his face still and serious as stone. “They all lied, deceived and hurt each other in the process of loving one

another. I know I won't risk us, the life we've built or what we mean to one another for anything. Will you?"

Hannibal knows Will doesn't expect a real answer, and he doesn't give it to him, jaw clenching as he works over Will's words in his head. Then, voice a little softer, Will speaks,

"What's for dinner, Hannibal?"

"Swordfish au Poivre with cherry tomatoes and capers." Hannibal answers without hesitation, and the tension melts out of the room as soon as Will gives a little half smile.

"I'll set the table, I'm assuming you have a wine pairing in mind?"

And yes, he does.

Dinner is easy. They eat in silence for the most part, and Hannibal feels the sting of pride he always does when Will gives a gruff grunt around a mouthful of food, something he's done since Hannibal first fed him, something he quickly learned was a soft praise for his cooking. It's not all thanks to him, Will caught the fish which was exquisit within itself. When they do talk it's of familiar things, Hannibal's job at the art gallery, the rude woman at the grocery store they see every Sunday, the gala they were invited to that Hannibal can tell Will is already dreading by the furrow of his eyebrows, and the way Hannibal hates the smell Will gives off when he comes home from working at engines on the boatyard.

"At least it's not my old aftershave." Will tells him, and Hannibal falls in love just a little bit more.

Love is a tricky thing. And, Hannibal knows it gets even trickier when it involves two people such as he and Will. They're a lot like Achilles and Patroclus, and everyone else Hannibal listed, in that way. When two important beings meet, and love, and fight, and hurt, big things happen. Sunrises and sunsets, earthquakes and floods. He and Will can love eachother hard enough to bring the FBI crumbling down around their feet, but one misunderstanding could lead to tearing each other apart, ripping at skin and bone until one remains victorious with the others heart in their hand.

But all of that is easy to forget, too. With Will's hand brushing his as they wash dishes in the sink, side by side. With the sideways glances Will gives him as he drags a dry cloth over a plate, with the warmth of Will's hand clasping his, and those fingers lacing through his, and a small, crooked smile on pink lips. It's almost easy to forget they are these complicated things with complicated thoughts and even more complicated feelings, because they just feel right. As right as the first time Hannibal brought a fork filled with human heart to his lips, as right as breathing, and being.

Will must see this, or something like it, on his face. The hand in his gives a light squeeze, rough from treating boat engines and wielding a knife, and Will walks them to the study. He leaves Hannibal in the middle of the room, and Hannibal watches as deft fingers slide one of his records out of the sleeve, laying it on the player and gently putting the needle on a ridge. The room is warm with a yellow glow from the fireplace, one Will must have set before he helped Hannibal with dinner, judging by how low the flame is. Their shadows are cast, long

and distorted, on the bookshelves, and they ripple like water as Will steps towards him. Soft classical music drifts throughout the room, and the soft crackling of the fire adds its own flair to the piece.

Arms used to break necks and slice throats wrap around his middle, and a head of soft curls comes to rest on his shoulder. Hannibal wraps his arms around Will's shoulders, nosing into his hair and breathing in deeply, taking in his scent. They sway lightly to the music, warm in each other's embrace, and it all feels incredibly fragile.

The fire flickers, and the song ends, and for a while they just stand there. Will's fingers tighten in the back of his shirt and he shifts, tilting his head up as Hannibal lightly combs his fingers through his hair. His eyes are intense and sharp as he looks at Hannibal, holding intelligence, darkness and love in their many facets. He leans forward, and Hannibal closes his eyes as their lips meet. Will's lips are soft on his, moving very slowly and he presses his hands flat against Hannibal's back, and if he pulled him any closer they'd fuse skin. The kiss is slow, deep and sensual as Will licks lightly in his mouth, dragging his tongue over the tips of Hannibal's canines.

Hannibal feels his body move as he's gently pushed backwards, his fingers tightening in Will's hair as he falls back into the brown leather chair sitting at the right corner of the fireplace. Will looms over him, taking his bottom lip between his teeth as Hannibal's fingernails scratch against his scalp. The sounds of their labored breaths fill the room, Will's hands working quickly at his belt, pulling it from its loops and throwing it to the side. Hannibal arches up as Will kisses down his neck, lifting his hips to help the process of pulling his pants down his legs, until they're pooling at his ankles.

As Will falls to his knees, Hannibal looks down at him, lips parted, cock hard and curled up towards his stomach, and Will looks back up at him. His eyes are piercing in the firelight, holding a type of warmth even the fire couldn't replicate. He wraps a rough hand around Hannibal's cock, squeezing gently and stroking slowly.

"Beg me." Will says, voice unbearably soft, and Hannibal draws in a breath, letting his hips circle gently in time with Will's slow strokes over his erection. He licks his lips, staring into the depths of Will's eyes, downing in him. Because Will is the sun, and who else is Hannibal but Icarus?

Will squeezes his cock, his gaze piercing through Hannibal's very soul, his voice just as soft when he speaks, "Beg, Hannibal."

"Please." Hannibal says, his voice far more breathy than he would've liked. Will takes mercy on him, dragging his hand down and revealing the head of his cock, wet and glistening with pre-cum. He watches as Will leans forward, amber eyes flickering down to watch the pink of Will's tongue slide along the slit of his cock, lapping gently at the pre-cum Hannibal's body is readily providing him.

Hannibal lets a shaky breath out past his lips, hands curling over the edges of the arm rests, and Will watches him the whole time, alternating between long, slow licks and shorter, faster strokes of his tongue. Heavy breathing fills the room, and Hannibal's fingernails dig into leather.

“Will.” His voice is strained plea, the kitten licks too much and not enough at the same time, his skin hypersensitive to each sensation

“Beg.” Will whispers, dragging the flat of his tongue over the slit of his head, his hand tightening around the base, and Hannibal groans, his hand coming to clench at brown curls.

“Will, *please* .” Hannibal breathes, hips twitching in search for more friction just as that pink mouth closes over him. Blue eyes flutter close and pale cheeks hollow out as Will sucks, that tongue swirling and curling against his cock. Hannibal’s hands tighten in Will’s hair, a strangled groan pushing past his lips, forcing his hips still as Will moves his mouth inch by inch down his cock, hand squeezing and stroking the parts he can’t get past his lips.

“Ah…” Hannibal pants, back arching just slightly, chin tilting towards the ceiling as pleasure sparks through every nerve in his body, the velvety softness of Will’s mouth and the gentle sucking shaking him to his core.

Will takes his time, gently bobbing his head and swiping his tongue, his hand squeezing almost painfully at the base as he takes Hannibal deeper inch by inch. And when Hannibal’s buried down his throat, and Will’s nose is pressed to the hair at the base of his cock, Hannibal lets a loud moan rip through his throat, grip tight in brown hair, hips rocking up, trying to get further into the tight heat of Will’s mouth.

Will hums around him, the vibrations sending shockwaves through his body, and as he drags his mouth back up his teeth graze at the underside of Hannibal’s cock, and it’s almost enough to make him shake apart completely. He’s saved only because Will pulls off of him, swirling his tongue around the flushed head, licking through the slit and curling around his flesh until he’s nearly squirming, fingers tugging at Will’s hair in a silent plea for more. When he looks down, those eyes are trained on him again, the color of sapphires, demanding, possessive and alluring all at once.

Staring into those eyes, feeling his fingers in that brown hair, watching saliva roll in slow droplets down his cock, Hannibal knows he will always give himself to this man willingly. Because they belong, because they’re conjoined. Like fire and water, day and night, the sun and moon, he cannot exist without his other.

Will swallows him down again, sucking hard at his cock with every glide, and Hannibal’s eyes snap shut, back arching, mouth open in a silent moan. Will takes him down all the way to the hilt, humming lowly around Hannibal’s cock, and it’s when he slowly drags back up, lips and tongue searing hot around him with the added twinge of pain as Will’s teeth drag against his cock, that Hannibal comes. It’s a silent thing, his fingers tightening in Will’s hair as he shoots load after load of hot white cum down his throat, mouth wide open with a choked gasp. He cums like a bullet, the pleasure ripping through him and nuzzling deep in his tissue, making sure that he feels absolutely nothing else besides a strong pulse of pleasure over and over again, until it’s suddenly all too much.

With a satisfied grunt, Hannibal slumps in the chair, panting softly and twitching slightly as Will licks him clean. His fingers relax in Will’s hair, breathing in deeply through his nose, and when Will leans back up he kisses Hannibal so hard that he can taste himself on Will’s

tongue. They lean their foreheads together, silent and small in the room, emotions flaring between them like shockwaves.

And then Will whispers softly into the air between them, their shadows long and soft as the fire flickers in and out.

“I love you.”

And it sounds like a goodbye.

End Notes

The amount of chapters may change, but for now I'm aiming for three. We'll see!

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